Written for Women's Department
Group One
1945

Theme: Humility

Dear Lord - we do not ask for wealth or gold

Or precious Jewels to behold.

Lord give us light that we may see beauty in humility

And may this humble service be,

Acceptable we pray of thee.

Bless this home we ask today

Be with each member every day.

Bless this group we humbly ask

May we never shirk a given task

In his dear work.

Bless our leader this we pray,

Guide us all in thine own way.

Ella S. Perkins.

Dec 1948

Mrs. Ella Perkins
2711 Sprague Street
Omaha, Nebraska

When we are young and full of adventure
We dream of Kings and Castels in Spain
But when we are older, our thoughts take us backward
Back to the scenes of our childhood again

~~I remember~~
As my thoughts wander back, to the sceines of my child hood
Fond memory paints this picture for me
A cot on the hill side, the spring and the wild wood,
Where we as children roamed happy & free
The river flowed down through the hills and the valleys,
Onward still onward so still and so deep.
How often at night as I lay on my pillow,
It's musical murmer has lulled me to sleep,

How oft when at grand'thers,
A host of we children, would scamper away;
To that cool shady nook,
Where a spring bubbles forth
'neath the shade of a walnut,
We would lave our bare feet
In its swift running brook,

There were sisters & brothers
There were cousins and others
There were nieces & nephews
& Uncles & Aunts.

There was Cora & Mary, and Jim
Jack & Jerry
And Amanda & Hettie & Nance.

As we strolled through the wildwood
Or sat by the river
Time was silently hurrying on
We bid farewell to our youth
and our childhood,
Our life work had claimed us
and we must be gone.

As a tribute to our daughters
I would give to day,
The best of all the gifts
Which god has given me

Eyes to see the beauty
When the sunset shadows
fall,
The starlight, the lamp light,
The pear tree dim and tall
And the birds nest in the
willow tree
Close by the garden wall.

2

An ear that finds sweet
comfort
In walking alone
With courage, as strong and
as firm as a stone

A heart that bears grief like
Like a tree in the rain
Lovlier than ever when
the sun shines again

3

Ears that find music in
soft rain at night
That welcome wild bird calls
at the first dawn of light
And the beauty that your
heart knows
And your eyes can see
May you always have
with you,
It is always free.

Ella Sundock Perkins

Dear Mother Mine

Dear Mother of Mine
In the cares that be
I know you have lived all your life for me
With ne'er a regret for the toil and the care
Oh we love every thread
Of your silvery hair.

(Chorus)

Mother of Mine
Your name we will bless
This is your day
From East to West
Hail to thy virtues
Thy precepts divine
Wonderful, wonderful
Mother of Mine.

Dear Mother of Mine
I have walked all day,
My hand in thine though rugged the way,
Your toil worn hands are dear to me
Your dear sweet face
In my dreams I see.

Oh Mother of Mine
When God from above
Sent you down to me in hes Infinite love,
He sent me a dream of what heaven might be
For a vision of heaven
In your smile I see.

Written by Ella Scurlock Perkins

Devotion

Devotion to God and his purpose divine
Devotion to truths in His Word we will find.
Devotion to those we love and who love us too
Devotion a watch word for me and for you
Devotion, a principal all should aquire.
Devoted to faith in religion + prayer will make us more holy, and lead us still higher

Ella S. Perkins

Gods! Answer!

I clenched my fist and
shook it
At the clear blue sky
above.
"Where are you God" I shouted
"And wheres your wonder
ous love;

- - - - - - - - - - - - -

"How can you be so heartless
With your children here
below?
How can you let this
war rage on,
And weak ones suffer so

- - - - - - - - - - - - -

My anger mounted fiercely
till my voice would come no
more,
And wearily I crumbled
to the earths soft grassy
floor.

Then presently I heard
a voice.
A still small voice quite
near.
It called my name and
whispered, reassurance
in my ear.

Have faith my son and
trust me.
In this thy dreariest hour
My love for thee is greater

far. Than any evil
power.

My love for man is in-
finate,
And when I gave him
birth.
I let him have dominion
over every thing on earth

He wields my mighty
power,
And my substance as he
will:
He falters, falls., and
rises.
Growing ever stronger
still

Oh how I yearn to hold him up,
When e'er I see him fall
And yet I cannot take away
My greatest gift of all.

I've given man the right to will,
~~I cannot~~
To choose the way he'll go
I cannot interpose my love
Unless he will it so—

Tis through his will and only then,
That I may end all

strife
But all who will may
have my peace
My strength, my love
my life.

The time is near when
all the world
Will see the light my son
For every where on earth
I hear, the prayer
Thy Will be done!

With this the fathers
voice was gone,
And yet I felt him near
No longer was I filled
with doubt

The Ans now was clear

I raised my head from
where I lay,
and whispered, "Lord
I see."
Forgive me for my un
beliefe
Henceforth, I trust in
thee

Memories

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of my childhood,
Fond memory painted this picture
for me.
A cot on the hill side, the spring
and the wild wood,
Where I as a child roamed happy
and free.
The river flowed down through
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On, and still onward so still
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How often at night as I lay on my
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It's musical murmurs has lulled
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How oft when at granthers
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Where a spring bibbled forth
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we would lave our bare feet
in its swift running brook-
There were sisters & brothers,
There were cousins and others
There were neices & nephews
and uncles & Aunts
There were Cora & Mary, there
were Jim, Jack, & Jerry, and
Mandy, & Susie & Methe & Nance
We strolled through the wildwood
We sat by the river,
We cared not a whit though
time hurried by,
When grandma, called dinner
We would like every sinner
We knew it was dumplings
or fat chicken pie

Opertunity is waiting, do not say.
Opertunity call at my door and I was
gone a way

Opertunity is ever near you,
at your portal, by your side;
not in the past, but in the present
and the future he abides

weep not then for precious chances
which passed away.
weep not for golden ages on the wane
Each night has burned the records
of the day
at sunrise evey soul is born again
we rise by the things that are under
our feet.

Opertunity shows us the way
To fight and win the battle at last
If we want to win that way.

Travel on little basket travel
on
Back to where you started you
belong.
Go then merrily on your way,
gathering pennies where you
may.
Good luck to you little basket
Travel on, Ella Perkins

picture negative





ELLA PERKINS
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OMAHA, NEBRASKA

S E R V I C E

God was the first giver of service,
When he gave his creation, The World.
Then created man as its master;
And o'er him loves banner unfurled.

God did not leave man long in darkness
But gave him the knowledge of right
He gave his own son as a pattern
To lead us in spiritual light.

To each one he then gave a talent
To some he gave more than one
So we in turn must keep giving
And be judged by the good we have done.

The gift may be music or laughter,
God meant this old world to be gay,
When he gave us the birds and the sunshine
To enjoy as we go on our way.

Then we should give loving service
In kind deeds to neighbor and friend
And thus merit the gifts of our Maker
Whom we all hope to meet in the end.

Ella Scurlock Perkins
Pisgah, Iowa.

The Old Homestead

Ella Scurlock

As I rambled round the homestead
Often scenes I'd quite forgot,
Brought back to my recollections
Memories of some loved spot;
There the brookside meadows yonder
Here the calm, sweet-scented wood,
Oft its quiet taught me lessons
Little by me understood.

Oft we've gathered here at granthers
On a birthday ever perchance,
Half a hundred lads and lassies
Gathered round the evening lamps;
Cousin Reuben from Missouri,
And our City cousins, too,
Nieces, nephews, sisters, brothers,
Uncle Ike, and Cousin Sue.

We have wandered by the river
Flowing on so calm and still,
Past the farmhouse and the meadow;
O'er the cataract, past the mill;
Oft we've frolicked in the wildwood
In our childhood's happy years,
And we little dreamed that time would
Bring its dirth of grief and tears.

E'en the caprices of fortune
Which come to us all, unsought,
Can ne'er blot out the scenes of childhood,
And the lessons they have taught.

TUNE: HE LEADETH ME

'TIS BY GOD'S WILL THAT HERE WE MEET,
AND FRIEND AND SISTER ONCE MORE GREET,
THEN GRANT, DEAR GOD, THAT WE MAY BE
A GROUP FOUND EVER SERVING THEE.

THY CAUSE DIVINE, THY LOVE WE SEE
In BUDDING FLOWER AND LEAFY TREE,
THEN GIVE US FAITH, OH GOD, THAT WE
MAY E'ER FIND JOY IN SERVING THEE.

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THY CAUSE DIVINE, THEY LVOE

We thank Thee God for this great land
The birth place of the free.
Where wanderers from afar may come
Free to worship thee.—

For plenty here her fullness pours
In rich profusion are the land,
And sent to seize her generous stores
There prowls no tyrants hirling band
Still may her flowers untrameled spring
Her harvests wave, her cities rise
And yet, til time shall fold his wing
Remain earths loveliest Paradise

When I was young, about half past 4
I stood out side a candy store,
a licorice whip or a jelly bean,
transports me to that far off scene
Where once I stood with hungry eyes
and murmured little hungry sighs
For gingerbread, and lolly pops -
and chicken corn + lemon drops.
and there I'd stand in mute dispair
an indecisive Millionare
with fifty ways I could disburse
The three whole pennys in my purse
So teetering from heel to toe
I'd engineer a special deal
For one of those and two of this
a jumbo and a toffy kiss,
a sour ball, a slice of gum
a hourhound drop a sugarplum
At last I stood in side the store
how could any one ask for more

I sniffed & sniffed and looked
a round,
I myng & think I was on the
ground, The man said, what
will you have miss, ans quick
what would you choose if you
could take your pick,
I chose a gum drop and a
pepermint stick.

Ella S. Perkins